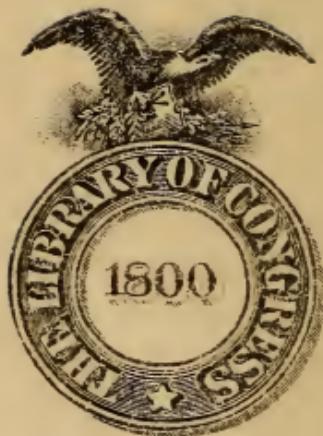


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A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE,

LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH,

OF

(Memor.)

Mrs. Mary Jane Grosvenor.

LEFT AMONG THE PAPERS

OF THE LATE

HON. THOMAS P. GROSVENOR.

THIRD EDITION.

And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

Rev. xiv-13.

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD J. COALE.

KENNEDY & MAGAURAN, PRINTERS.

1818.

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DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, ss:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on this twelfth day of June, in the forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, Edward J. Coale, of the said District, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Sketch of the Life, Last Sickness and Death, of
"Mrs. Mary Jane Grosvenor, left among the papers
"of the late hon. Thomas P. Grosvenor."

In conformity to an Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such during the times therein mentioned;" and also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to the Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof, to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

PHILIP MOORE,
Clerk, District of Maryland.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following very neat, not to say elegant LITERARY NOTICE of this work, appeared in the PORTICO, for June, 1817.

“The excellent character which the author of this little Sketch bore with him to the grave would ensure a welcome reception to any thing that came from his pen; but the present offering is rendered doubly acceptable to his friends, and will be received with increased interest by the publick, as being the natural, unstudied eloquence of a manly heart, struggling with the heaviest of all afflictions. Productions of this sort possess a value independent of mere literary merit: they carry with them practical lessons of

piety: they offer examples how a christian should arm himself to support calamity: and they prepare the mind to receive the holy influence of religious impressions. Under all these considerations, this interesting little Biography will be found to deserve the attention of every reader."

INTRODUCTION.

THE following correspondence will show the manner in which the editor became possessed of the manuscript of the following work, and the views and expectations which have induced its publication. The first letter was addressed to the editor, by the person who committed it to his charge; the second is the letter of the editor to the Right Rev'd. Bishop Kemp, and the third, his reply.

Should it be supposed by any, that a piece of this character, written under feelings and impressions produced by the peculiar situation of Mr. Grosvenor, should never have seen the publick eye; the editor has this apology to offer, that in the opinion of many friends whose judgment he highly respected, the publication was calculated to be extremely useful.

LETTER I.

JUNE 2, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

The interesting and instructive manuscript, herewith sent, was found among the papers of our dear deceased friend, Grosvenor, left by him in the office of his friend, Mr. Livermore. In his last illness, he gave it to the friend in whom there is every reason to believe he most confided, for the last five years of his useful life. Having anxiously sought after, and found the paper, where he was directed to look for it, that friend has perused and re-perused it again and again, with feelings he has not attempted to describe. In the fullest persuasion, that its publication will promote the cause of religion generally, and advance the interest of the church in this state particularly, where our deceased friend was so generally known and universally beloved, I

must beg the favour of you to place it in the hands of our good Bishop for examination, and to be guided altogether by his judgment in the final disposal of it.

As there is no copy, and the owner values this production more than all the speeches and other publick and private writings which may be found among Mr. Grosvenor's papers, let me beg of you to be careful of the original, and to return it safe, if the "excellent Prelate" therein named, should decide against its publication.

Believe me to be,

Your friend sincerely,

Mr. C——.

LETTER II.

RT. REV'D. SIR,

THE enclosed manuscript, from the pen of our late most estimable friend, the hon. Mr. Grosvenor, you will find to be a brief Sketch of

the Life, Last Illness and Death of his amiable and pious consort. He presented it to a friend a few days before his death, and it has been placed in my hands, with permission to publish it, should it meet your approbation. Indeed if this condition had not been enjoined, I cherish the memory of both Mr. Grosvenor, and his lady, in such affectionate regard, that I would not trust my own judgment on a subject so delicate and interesting, and feel happy in having it in my power to be advised by you, who well knew them, and had an intimate knowledge of their high attainments in mental and christian acquirement. Some time before the death of Mr. Grosvenor, he had read much of Christian Theology, and particularly on the divinity of our Lord; had it pleased God to have prolonged his life, he would doubtless have become one of the most zealous, able and distinguished advocates in the cause of our holy religion. The manu-

script exhibits the character of his mind on this subject, and it may have an important, impressive and salutary effect on those who read it. Perhaps with some it may tend to lessen the great reputation Mr. Grosvenor acquired by his pre-eminent talents as a statesman; but, whether such detraction merits your consideration, you will decide. I shall be thankful to you, for your answer, on the subject as early as you can conveniently favour me with it.

With perfect respect,
I am, Rt. Revd. Sir,
Your much obliged,
And obedient servant,

Rt. Revd. Dr. Kemp.

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE perused the Sketch of the Life of Mrs. Grosvenor, with great gratification; and I am persuaded, that it cannot be read without warming the heart and improving the best qualities of the soul.

It certainly will be viewed as a rare, and highly interesting piece. An affectionate husband delineating the character of a beloved wife, tracing her religious progress through a series of disease, rapidly advancing towards dissolution; marking her struggles to overcome the world and all its vanities; treasuring up every pious expression; and distinguishing the various steps by which she advanced to that confidence and love which cast out fear; this is a work in which no heart can fail to take a deep concern. Here is portrayed, with a

masterly hand, the influence of religion and the triumph of faith; here is exhibited that elevation of soul, which resignation to the will of God, and confidence in the atonement of a Redeemer, alone can beget.

When we viewed Mr. Grosvenor, as a man of talents, he secured our esteem. When we contemplated him as a distinguished statesman, standing in the foremost rank of politicians, he excited our admiration. But now, when we follow him to retirement, and see the effusions of his heart, after the loss of a beloved wife; when we perceive the tenderest sensibilities mingling with a high degree of religious affection; he gains our love; his character acquires a new cast, and becomes highly interesting; it strengthens the sentiment, that without religion no character can be complete, nor any human being altogether happy.

Whatever allowances some may deem necessary to be made, for the glow of a lively fancy, in the situation of Mr. Grosvenor, when the following work was written; yet, to the substantial correctness of the descriptions, I can bear testimony. I administered to Mrs. Grosvenor, most of the ordinances of our holy religion, I confirmed her, I married her, I admitted her to the Lord's Supper, and I attended her in her last illness. She possessed a mind, clear and capacious, a heart highly susceptible of religious impressions. In all our conversations during her last and painful sickness, she manifested correct views of the plan of salvation, and an implicit reliance upon the blood of Christ for pardon and happiness. While I could at first perceive the struggles of her mind to overcome the world, and yield up herself to God, before the scene closed, every thing of the kind disappeared, and she was truly resigned and tranquil.

In this Sketch, the young lady will see, how transitory and evanescent all temporal amusements and enjoyments are! how soon the brightest prospects may be obscured! and that in religion, and in religion alone, she can find safety and consolation!

I am, &c.

JAS. KEMP.

Mr. C—.

A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE,

LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH,

OF

Mrs. Mary Jane Grosvenor.

It has pleased the Almighty Father to remove from this world, in the morning of her life, this young and lovely woman.

“The ways of the Almighty are past finding out.

“As a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord “our God chasteneth us, that he may humble “us and prove us, to do us good at our latter “end.”

On our knees, then, let us devoutly kiss the hand that presses us down, saying, “The

Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away
blessed be the name of the Lord."

Yet on her interesting life, on the pious resignation which accompanied her protracted sickness, on the firm hope, and even triumphant christian confidence, with which she met the King of Terrors, the mind lingers with melancholy delight, mingled with emotions of the keenest anguish for her loss. A Short Sketch of that Life, that Sickness, and that Death, may solace her surviving friends and do justice to her memory—O thou God of all Grace, vouchsafe that the example here displayed may encourage the strong in faith to persevere; may sustain the weak in a course of piety, and lure the infidel from his hopeless wanderings to the path of faith, hope and happiness, which the religion of Christ points out to the miserable children of mortality!

Mrs. Grosvenor was the only daughter of the late Alexander C. Hanson, Esq. Chancel-

lor of Maryland.—During her very infancy he began to form her mind on the purest model, to enrich it with various literature; and to plant deeply and durably therein the seeds of virtue and morality.—In this endearing work he was powerfully assisted by her mother, a woman of rare excellence—To those who knew the late chancellor and his lady, his diversified talents and excellent principles; her virtuous mind, and sound judgment, it is not necessary to say that a mind like that of Mrs. Grosvenor, docile, brilliant and strong, under their skilful culture, was reared rapidly to maturity—And happy for her was this early and rapid progress in every mental endowment.—For at the age of fifteen began the real sorrows of her life—she lost her father.—In the ensuing year her mother, (on whom now rested all her remaining hopes of earthly happiness) broken hearted, followed her husband to the tomb.

Of the state of Mrs. Grosvenor's mind, up to this period, of her views of religion, of her particular studies, and indeed of her general pursuits, I have but a very imperfect knowledge—Certainly she had read extensively and advantageously; and under the direction of her father, had attempted branches of literature not frequently cultivated or deemed appropriate to her sex—Certainly her life must have been correct, and her disposition affectionate, for she was esteemed and loved until her death by the friends of her early years.

Now at the age of sixteen she was left in the City of Baltimore, a new and strange abode, without friends or guides of her own sex, without property, without even common acquaintance, a young, refined and artless girl, to the sole care of her two brothers—Neither of them had attained the age of twenty-one years—Baltimore was the focus of

pleasure and of business—They were young and gay, engaged in the bustle of life, fond of its pleasures, immersed in its business, and intent on building up their own fortunes, which they were left to perform with their own hands—however kindly disposed, and most kindly disposed they certainly were, however affectionately they loved her, and most affectionately they did love her, and however willing to cherish and console her, it cannot be conceived, that thus situated and engaged in such constant scenes, they could become either judicious consolers, or appropriate guides, to her young mind, through the mazes of this wicked world—For a long period she had few, if any, female associates of her own age, with whom her soul could hold friendly communion—Perhaps it was fortunate for her that she was doomed for a season to solitary affliction—Perhaps it was the kindness of her God which compelled her thus ear-

ly to serious reflection—to resort to her own mind for support—to fly to Him for succour and consolation—We may indulge the belief, that in this solitary and sorrowful period, were sown those seeds of Grace, which though buried for a season, sprouted forth, and in after years flourished like the green bay tree, and finally produced the richest fruits of humility, charity, and vital piety.

The tenor of her life for the five or six succeeding years, is not particularly known to me—She certainly was disposed to solemn contemplation—she was constant in the publick worship of God, according to the forms of the church to which she belonged.—She continued to reside with the one or the other of her brothers in Baltimore—she at length mingled in the society of her sex—and no doubt was immersed in those pleasures which eminently pertains to that society in the place of her residence.

I have heard her regret this period of her life as thrown away.—For if she did not live without God in the world, the world and its frivolous amusements, stole too much of her time from more solid pursuits and rational and religious studies.—Gay, innocent and animated, fond of polite amusements, and cherished by a society, in which, by her brilliant mind and accomplishments, she was well qualified to move, it is not wonderful that she yielded to its impulse, and swam rapidly along the current of fashionable pleasure.—But blessed be God, she was not suffered to be carried on to the ocean of eternity, thoughtless, secure and unprepared for the interminable voyage.

It was in this period of her life that she met those excellent friends of her own sex with whom she formed those affectionate intimacies which continued unbroken and undiminished to the hour of her death.

I have heard her express the liveliest gratitude towards Mrs. Horne, of Baltimore, who early after the loss of her mother, when she was young and lovely, and almost without a protector of her own sex, sought her out in her retirement, took her kindly by the hand, and directed and supported her trembling steps. May God reward her disinterested kindness!

Miss Sophia Rogers, Mrs. Didier, Miss Didier, Mrs. Mary Proud, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Mrs. Wetherstrand, and Miss Margaret Smith, of Philadelphia, and Miss Murray, of West River, she loved with an ardent and rational affection.

For Mrs. Murray, of West River, Mrs. Rogers, of Greenwood, and Mrs. Smith, of Baltimore, who expired a few weeks before herself, she always professed and felt the warm affection of a daughter.

Mrs. Caroline Donaldson was a chosen friend of her bosom; one whom her whole heart loved, and her whole judgment approved.

Her cousin Mrs. Magruder, of Annapolis, was an early, dear and constant friend.

Her two sisters, the wives of her brothers, held the place in her heart of sisters indeed—Mrs. Rebecca Hanson, at whose house her last sickness commenced, evinced her affection, her sisterly affection, by all that the kindest attention, vigilance and sympathy could bestow. And Mrs. Priscilla Hanson, to whose house she was removed early in her sickness, and there continued till her death, watched over her sick bed with more than sisterly tenderness, was constantly her soother and comforter, and daily and nightly assuaged her pains, by the most endearing kindness and sympathy.—While both hanging over her dying bed, comforted her in her last agonies, and wept her final departure and followed

her lifeless remains to the tomb of her fathers.

But above all, her cousin Mrs. Alexander, of Baltimore, was one whom she most loved, she, and she alone, could fill that “aching void” in her heart, produced by the death of her mother—she was the beautiful model, upon which Mrs. Grosvenor strove to form her character, as a woman and a christian.—And she was at once the affectionate friend of her bosom, the maternal monitor of her life, her friend, her pattern, and her guide.

Surely, no time could be thrown away in which the friendship and affection of such women, were firmly and durably obtained.

About the age of twenty-two, her mind became more seriously impressed by the great truths of religion, and she began solemnly to inquire what she should do to be saved. I am not positive that any particular events in her life, produced this important improvement in

the solemnity of her mind—but I believe the death of a dear and pious friend, Miss Lydia Smith, whose sickness and sufferings were proto-types of her own; by whose bed side she constantly watched, during a protracted period of suffering and decay, and whose last moments she helped to cheer and console, together with the pious example and conversation of Mrs. Alexander, with whom she was intimate, and whom she loved with an affection, elevated and ardent, combined to revive her early impressions of religion, and to rouse her mind to the vast importance of immediate preparation for death and eternity.

This important change in her mind, had, however, for a considerable time, but little visible influence upon her life and actions.

It was not evidenced by any particularly grave deportment; nor by any apparent gloom or despondency; nor by abandoning the cheerful pleasures of society; nor yet by withdraw-

ing from those polite amusements which are thought by the world to be appropriate to her age and sex. But her leisure hours were devoted to serious studies—I believe, from her infancy, she had never failed to approach the throne of Grace both morning and evening.— But now, she wrestled with her God more earnestly—explored the original corruptions of her own heart more vigilantly—searched the book of life more frequently, and became daily more importunate with her God to guide her steps in the right way. .

In this situation she was, when the writer of this Sketch became acquainted with her, in the summer of 1813—she then appeared to the world sociable and cheerful, and even gay. But a nice observer could then discover in her countenance, a deep shade of solemn reflection, and in her conduct a disposition bent on serious things, a soul in pursuit of vast and eternal objects.

Down to the winter of one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, she continued in this state of mind, making constant efforts to abstract her inclinations from temporal vanities, and to devote herself to the service of her Maker--“She was not weary in well doing—she fainted not, and in due season she reaped a full reward.” Gradually she became enlightened in the great truths of christianity; gradually, she received the illuminations of Divine Grace; gradually, was her soul filled with love to her Redeemer; gradually, were her affections weaned from earthly objects and fixed on heavenly. She had no mystick flashes of conviction, no sudden illuminations of the spirit, no miraculous warnings or passionate extacies, by which her soul was instantaneously renewed.—Her’s was the work of earnest and devout prayer, of tearful and agonizing contrition, of solemn reflection, of heaven directed meditation—she asked, and

it was given her—she sought, and she found—she knocked, and it was opened unto her—she asked in prayer, believing, and she received. She advanced from knowledge to knowledge, from grace to grace, until we have every reason to believe, she became as perfect in her Redeemer, as her fallen nature would permit.

During this winter, she was not wholly weaned from those polite amusements which fashion sanctions, although she cannot sanctify—Yet she preferred the society of serious friends—she sought the sober fire side circle, rather than the gay drawing room—and the social parlour she preferred to the crowded ball room—she mingled little, very little, in the pleasure of fashionable society.

Not that abstractedly considered, she deemed them criminal.—But she doubted whether they were objects worthy the pursuit of beings destined to eternity—whether they were consistent with that improvement of the

few hours of our earthly pilgrimage which the Scriptures enjoin; and whether their tendency is not to counteract that blessed spirit of Grace, which is constantly striving with man--Certain it is, that in her own case she felt such to be the fact.—They had ceased to give her pleasure—and she had long ceased to mingle in them, but when solicited and urged by her friends.—Now, that she became convinced they were wrong, the case was at once decided.—While enjoying her usual health, she resolved to abandon them wholly; and she assured the writer of this, that she would never again be present at a play or a ball.

Although at the time residing in Baltimore, the scene of her youthful pleasures, surrounded by her gay and early friends, tempted constantly by those pleasures in full view, and daily importuned to taste them—and although she had often said that such had been

her attachment to those amusements, that she once thought it impossible to abandon them, yet, they became less than nothing, when placed in the balance against what she deemed her duty, and having resolved entirely to refrain, she evinced the solid foundations of her piety, by never, in the slightest degree, deviating from her resolution.

Yet she shunned not the society of the cheerful and gay companions of her youth—Nothing of moroseness, or gloom or misanthropy was visible in her countenance or deportment. On the contrary, her progress in piety, by mingling a little gravity with her natural vivacity, by spreading a shade of seriousness over the playful sallies of her imagination, by gilding her conversation and her conduct, with sentiment and virtue, almost unalloyed, rendered her more attractive, more amiable, more lovely and more beloved.

In march last, (1815) she was married—
Her character as a wife is known but to one
in this world.

She was capable of that deep, generous,
self devoting sentiment, which, in retirement,
springs amid mutual charities and mutual
pursuits, links itself with every interest of
life, and twines itself even with hopes of
immortal happiness. She was a wife but nine
months, five of which were passed in sick-
ness, and in suffering. But if the tenderest
sensibility of soul, the purest and warmest
heart, a sound judgment, a disposition sweet
and placid, a lively and playful wit, a firm,
constant, self devoting attachment, know-
ledge various and elegant, a delicacy which
almost shrunk from observation, an enthu-
astick love of domestick life, a deep and
solemn sense of religion; a knowledge of all
her duties, and a soul intent upon their full
performance could render the conjugal state

happy; her husband must have been happy. He was happy while she enjoyed health; he was tortured by her sickness and agonies.

O! may the same Almighty hand, which has so heavily pressed him to the earth, raise him from the death of sin, enable him to imitate his beloved wife in the hour of sickness and of death, and finally join her again in those celestial mansions where there is no more sickness nor pain.

She lived and died a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, under the guidance and sanction of the Right Revd. Bishop Kemp, of Baltimore. She received the holy communion early in the last spring, and endeavoured to appropriate to her soul the body and blood of her crucified Redeemer. With what indescribable emotions did I witness the humility, the trembling anxiety, the agonizing contrition, the holy awe, with which she partook that highest and most awful sacrament of our

holy religion. At that moment bowed to the very earth, she seemed to surrender her soul and body to the great duties of christianity; and finally to consecrate her whole heart to the service of her Divine Master. Salvation became, henceforth, the great end of her life: the great, but silent duties of religion, the means by which that end was to be attained; that end she henceforth pursued without deflection; those means she continued to practice without weariness.

In June, she was effected by a severe cold, and accompanied by coughing, wandering pains, and the expectoration of a very little blood. The physicians considered the affection temporary and not dangerous. The cold disappeared, but the cough continued not very serious, and the pain occasional, but not violent. During the month she left Baltimore, on a visit to her brothers on Elk Ridge. Alas, she left it never more to return.

While residing at Belmont, her cough became more violent, the pains in her sides and breast more frequent and more acute—Her health rapidly declined—Eminent physicians were called in. They considered her situation not alarming nor dangerous, and prescribed a course for her relief which was strictly pursued—It was thought best to spend the summer in travelling—And in a few days she was about to depart on a tour through the northern and eastern states—It was believed that such a tour, would restore her to perfect health.

On the eleventh of July, she went to dine with her brother Charles, a distance of four miles—Her spirits and health had been unusually low for several days preceding—But on this day her usual flow of spirits returned. She seemed revived, and at dinner was cheerful, and even lively—A few moments after she had dined, a deadly sickness came upon

her. An hemoptysis immediately ensued, and she discharged from her lungs a large quantity of blood—With much difficulty the hemorrhage was staunched—But in a manner which threatened every moment a return.

Physicians were instantly sent for in all directions; but from some fatality, or rather from some mysterious cause, Providence so directed that not one could be procured—Nor could every exertion provide medical attendance before the succeeding morning.

The night was very tempestuous—And I watched over the lovely and patient sufferer in a state of anxiety not to be described—Never, never will the emotions of that night be erased from my memory—Unable to speak, not daring to move, every moment threatened with a recurrence of the hemorrhage, which in the absence of medical assistance it was almost certain, could not again be staunched, and which if not staunched

must soon terminate her life, she lay in devout resignation, patiently awaiting the morning—About two o'clock at night, the blood began again to flow, with a violence that threatened instant dissolution—Every instant a slight hec tick cough cast forth a torrent of blood. Every effort to check the torrent was in vain.

It was a heart-rending scene never to be realized by any but those who beheld it—At length by opening veins in her arms and permitting the blood to continue flowing, the hemorrhage from her lungs ceased, leaving her faint, exhausted and almost in the arms of death—During this terrible scene, she, with us all, believed herself dying—Even then she seemed prepared for the awful change, and was the only person in the groupe who was calm and collected—“I am gone,” she once said in a feeble but firm voice, and clasping her hands, she raised

her half closed eyes to Heaven, with an expression of such fervent devotion and sweet resignation, as I never witnessed in any one but herself.

A bilious fever succeeded, which for twenty-one days raged with a fury beyond the controul of medicine—At length it subsided, and symptoms of a phthisis pulmonalis appeared. Her disorder soon assumed the defined shape of a consumption. From the first, she had been unable to stand or move from her bed, but in the arms of another—For five months, pains the most acute and tormenting, were her constant attendants.—Throughout her whole system, day and night, rarely with the intermission of a moment, never of an hour, her pains and agonies were almost in the extreme. At length her life, after quivering long in the socket, was suddenly extinguished—And that soul, which had long been familiar with death, and had long rested on faith,

took its flight from a world of suffering, to mingle with congenial spirits in the new Jerusalem above.—It now remains to view this lovely christian, in Sickness and in Death— And O! blessed Redeemer, who didst fill the soul of my beloved Mary with faith, hope and charity, in the agonies of sickness and of death; inspire me with a proper spirit to set forth the pious example of my beloved wife, in a manner worthy of the great and solemn scene!

A writer of some celebrity has said, “No species of reputation is so cheaply purchased as death bed fortitude; when it is fruitless to contend and impossible to fly, little applause is due to that resignation which patiently awaits its doom.”

If applied to that “fool, who hath said in his heart there is no God; let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die;” if applied to the hardened reprobate, whose soul

is cased in iniquity, and whose conscience is seared with a red hot iron; or to that cold blooded infidel, who spurns the blood of a Redeemer, shed on the cross for him, and who never once reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come; the remark may sometimes prove true.—But surely he must be mad, who dignifies the death bed lethargy of such an one with the name of “fortitude,” or “patience,” or “resignation.” No, it is that horrible calm, which, cold, dark and heavy, spreads its benumbing influence over a soul in which every ray of joy is extinguished, over which unmixed despair presides—Call it not “fortitude.”—It is damning, lethargick insensibility—or silent helpless despair.—Different, far different is the condition of him who believes the book of life—who acknowledges its sound truths, and feels at the hour of death, that he is just ap-

proaching, naked and alone, the judgment seat of the Almighty.

To him who believes that man, unconverted, unregenerate man, is the child of inevitable and eternal perdition, who knows that repentance for sin, the Grace of God and a holy life are indispensable to salvation, who believes that a just God will judge the dead, and that as death leaves him, so that judgment will find him; him, who on his death bed, with these views of the eternal world, and is yet conscious that he has not one of these indispensable requisites to plead at that awful tribunal, to which death, is even then dragging him, is "patient resignation," is "death bed fortitude," easy? Conscious that the hour of probation has been thrown away, feeling that the summer is past, that the harvest is ended, and he not saved, the very conviction that "it is fruitless to contend," and "impossible to fly," O! how must it agitate the whole frame?

how must it overwhelm in distraction every faculty of the mind? how must it steep the whole soul in the very essence of agony? At such a moment, and with such a man is the bubble “reputation” to be sought? Is “death-bed fortitude” to be easily purchased? O no—these paltry trinkets of a vain world, vanish like the visions of insanity—The mind is entirely occupied in the view of the eternal world—the soul shrinks in agony from the gulph which yawns to receive it—and its last accents are heard invoking mercy—or are vainly spent in calling on the mountains to hide it, from the face of him who sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come, and he is not able to stand. O no—it is that man, that hath a conscience void of offence, that is in charity with the world, that is purified from all strains in the blood of the Lamb, and is in close union with his Redeemer, such, and

such only, is the man who *wishes* not “to fly,” but to the arms of his Saviour, who wishes not “to contend,” but for the crown of righteousness—whose “death bed” is crowned with “fortitude,” who “purchases reputation easily,” who, not only, with “patience and resignation,” but with holy hope, confidence and triumph, “awaits his eternal and happy doom.”

Mrs. Grosvenor, during the dangerous period of her fever, had appeared calm and resigned to death—she expressed her firm reliance on the rich grace of her Redeemer, and I have no doubt, then possessed a “reasonable, religious and holy hope” of salvation—yet her affections were not wholly weaned from all earthly objects. When the violence of her fever abated, she was removed to Belmont—Here, she apparently began to recover—and there were great hopes of her restoration to health—she herself joined in, and was cheered by that hope.

She had just entered into a state which she imagined would afford her all the happiness of which she was capable on earth—her fond partiality, and her lively imagination, painted to her virtuous and affectionate heart, years of love, tranquillity and usefulness, which she delighted to anticipate, and which she still hoped to realize—Yet amidst the most fascinating dreams of earthly affection and happiness, when she constantly prayed for her recovery, she never ceased to breathe forth in humble submission, “not mine but thy will be done.” Her christian education was not yet entirely completed in the school of suffering—Hence she still felt her affections returning to the dear objects of earth—she still rejoiced in the hope which was entertained of her recovery. This flattering hope was like the last gleam of the setting sun, streaming over the hills and valleys a few brilliant and

transitory rays, and leaving the earth to darkness and to night.

Her disorder became an inveterate consumption, attended by all its worst diagnosticks. Henceforth it never for a moment yielded to the efforts of her physicians—physicians, who combined profound knowledge of their profession, with the liberal, warm and tender sensibilities of men. A settled conviction that her disorder would rapidly run its course, and terminate in death, now took possession of her mind—yet that mind was unshaken by the conviction—she became, indeed, more earnest and constant in prayer and praise, and her only solicitude was to improve the remaining hours of her life, to the glory of her Redeemer, and to her own salvation. Often amidst the agonies of pain, have I heard her bless the name of her Maker, for allowing her even a protracted life of suffering. Often hath she poured out her soul in thanksgivings, for

the severe, but healthful discipline which her soul was receiving from his hand. Her christian conversations were daily and nightly.— But it was for about three hours in the middle of the night, that she was generally most free from pain—and then it generally was that religion formed the topick of those interesting conversations—they turned for the most part, upon the habits and conduct of her life—the present state of her departed friends, the religious condition of those who still lived—the rich grace of the Redeemer, the influence of christianity on the heart and life—on preparations for death and eternity—the exercises and emotions of her own soul in prayer and worship—her feelings and views in relation to the world she was about to leave—and in contemplation of the great and awful change which was rapidly approaching.— These conversations are imprinted on my memory—they have made an impression on

my heart never to be removed. But I cannot bring myself to detail them—I should weaken their force and do her memory injustice.—As she approached nearer her end, she seemed to become more and more calm and familiar with death—she frequently conversed on that event with all the serenity, solemnity, and fervour, which always marked her conversation on any religious topick—on one such occasion, she was asked whether she felt prepared to meet her God; whether she could fly to the arms of her Saviour with hope and confidence of happiness? “O yes,” she said, “such are my feelings now—I think I have taken a final leave of this world—I think nothing could induce me to wish again to mingle with it.”

“It is long since I have prayed for my recovery—It seems to me that all I now want is to be present with my Redeemer.”—Yet, she continued, after a short pause—“It is an

awful meeting, and well may the purest saints tremble at the thought of it--To enter undisguised and alone in the presence of the great God--The just, omniscient, offended, insulted, Almighty Judge of heaven and earth--To be viewed by Him--To be judged by Him!--O! who is without sin?--Who shall be able to stand?--None, none but those whom a merciful Saviour shall support. O! blessed Redeemer, on thy cross, on thy blood, on thy body, are placed all my hopes in that awful hour--Supported by thy Almighty arm, I can meet death without fear--I can pass through the dark valley without fainting--I can enter into the presence of my judge with hope and confidence--For thou, O! blessed Saviour, hast washed my soul in thy own blood--hast satisfied the claims of divine justice, hast interceded with thy Father and my Father, and hast procured pardon for my sins."--After a pause of a few

minutes spent in silent meditation, she continued--"Yet may I not deceive myself?--When the final struggle approaches, may I not faint? May I not shrink from the awful trial?" She was asked whether she had examined her heart deeply, and the foundation of her faith and hopes vigilantly? And whether she had any reason to suppose that they were built on sandy foundations? She replied, "It is the constant business of my lingering life to examine and search my affections; I have endeavoured to correct all enthusiasm and to check and chastise my feelings--With the most earnest prayer I have daily endeavoured to explore my heart and affections. But the book of truth assures me, and I know that the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked! And I sometimes tremble at the bare possibility that it may elude my search and deceive me to my ruin--"O!" she continued, "pray for me, that my Heavenly

Father may not suffer me to be deceived. I have no reason to suspect that I am deceived. On the contrary, I have the firmest reliance on the mercy of my Gracious Father. I have the most undoubting hope that the cross of my Redeemer hath subdued my heart. Yet pray for me, that I may not be deceived. And constantly pray that the holy hope and confidence which now consoles and cheers my heart, may continue to support me---that it may inspire me with confidence and triumph in the hour of my dissolution---then I shall neither faint or shrink from the trial---for then I shall fear no evil; O pray for me, that my Gracious Father may enable me in my last hour, to show you a good example of christian hope, confidence and joy." "O!" she concluded, "had I worlds, I would freely give them, to know what will be my views, hopes, and feelings in the last hour of my life--But God is good, merciful and true. He will not

abandon me then---He will sustain me, for I have no other hope, no other consolation---Hath he not said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?" By frequent conversations like this, she taught, as from the grave, the great lesson, that all reliance for salvation, is in the rich, unmerited mercy of the Redeemer.

Recurring on one occasion to the events of her past life, it was remarked to her, that her life had been uncommonly innocent and virtuous, and that this must be a subject of great comfort to her in her present condition.

She said, she hoped it was true, that from her infancy she had endeavoured to shun positive sins and wicked pursuits---she had generally attended the publick worship of God, and had not neglected the duties of private devotion---and as long as she remembered, had been inclined to do good and useful actions, rather than useless and evil ones---

Certainly, she said, this reflection was consoling and precious to her---a consolation she would not barter for worlds---Yet, she said, her hopes of forgiveness and salvation were none of them placed on this foundation---Her motives, even in the most virtuous actions, had not been pure---the glory of God, the love of her Saviour, obedience to His will, had not been her motives---No, her actions would not bear the scrutiny of that All Just Father, who cannot look on sin with the least allowance, and whose indispensable requisition is, "My Son give me thine Heart." How much of the feelings of this vain world had entered into all her best actions! How much precious time had she thrown away on the vanities of this world! How many opportunities of serving and worshipping her Heavenly Father, had she neglected! How often had she resisted the suggestions of the Spirit of Grace, striving with her and urging her to enter on the

great work of salvation!—How often had she practically said to that holy spirit, “go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee!” “O no!” she continued, “the catalogue of my sins is endless—my life would justly subject me to eternal punishment—for I have constantly rebelled against a tender, long suffering, Gracious Father. But blessed, forever blessed be his great and holy name, he hath promised a way for my return to his arms—It is the blood of the Lamb, slain for the sins of the world, which alone can blot out my dreadful transgressions and cleanse my soul for heaven. What unspeakable grace, what incomprehensible love is this! That the only Son of God should leave the bosom of his Father, to bleed and die, that rebels might be restored to innocence and salvation; O how do I now wonder, that with a full knowledge of all this kindness, this voluntary mercy, I could for one moment con-

tinue indifferent or obstinate; that I could refrain from throwing myself into the open arms of my blessed Saviour. O my dear and precious husband, look to that glorious and merciful Redeemer---see what he has done for you---can you resist his mercy and his love? Can you bear to think that the Son of the Most High God, shall die in vain for you? O embrace his mercy, accept his love---O how will you rejoice when you arrive at the state in which I now am, if you now receive him as your God, your Saviour, your all. It is on His free and rich grace, on His blood alone, that any soul can rest any hope of salvation. How do they deceive themselves, who think that a life of common morality can atone for sin, entitle them to mercy and salvation, or even fit them for the pure and holy joys of Heaven."

She then expressed fervent gratitude for the christian lesson, which she had been told

the most Rev. Arch Bishop Carroll, had a few days before given to the world on this subject. A friend spoke to him of his blameless life and useful actions as a strong ground for hope and confidence. He pointed to the cross before him and solemnly replied, "there is the only foundation of any hope and confidence of salvation that I possess."

If, she said, a man like bishop Carroll, deeply learned in all the doctrines of christianity, of a life, pure as human nature can attain, endowed with all the moral and social virtues, abounding in charity, of unquestionable piety, whose good and useful actions were almost as numerous as the moments of his life, was found with the publican to cry "God be merciful to be a sinner," if he was driven to the cross as his only refuge from eternal misery, who shall be so madly presumptuous as to rely on his own virtue, his own innocence, his own merits for salvation? She

earnestly hoped that this humble and christian example might be widely spread, that it might help to rouse from their fatal security all those, who professing the name of Christ, relied too much on their moral virtues for happiness, believing them to bring their own reward in a future world. About a fortnight before her death, Dr. Kemp visited her for the last time. He conversed freely with her, prayed with her, and for the last time administered the sacrament of the holy supper. O what a visible consolation to her soul was this visit and this holy sacrament. It must afford that kind and excellent Prelate, the purest joy, to know that he was the instrument in the hands of Providence, to fill with comfort and holy confidence the soul of an expiring christian. Under all her sufferings she had strove to imitate the Holy Apostle of the Gentiles. "Her distresses abounded;" "she seemed to be pressed above measure."

The flesh was weak; and in the early part of her sickness groans and tears were forced from her by the agonizing pains which racked her frame. Yet, even then, she acknowledged the hand of her gracious Father who inflicted them; declared them merciful, and less than nothing in comparison with what her transgressions merited. As her sickness advanced, though her pains increased, her patience and resignation increased; and she bore them without a murmur, and almost without a groan. She wished to come out of the conflict, not only as conqueror, but more than a conqueror, "through him who loved us;" for "she reckoned that the sufferings of the present time were not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

After the last sacrament, I have remarked that a superior resignation, calmness, hope and confidence were visible in her conduct and conversation. No doubts or difficulties

disturbed the serenity of her soul—she knew that her last hour rapidly approached. She longed for that hour. Yet she resigned herself wholly to the will of her God; and “thy will be done,” mingled with all her sufferings, all her prayers, all the emotions of her soul.

During her sickness I read to her a literary work, called “Discipline”—a book, which, though published in the form of a novel, is filled with the most elevated strains of moral precepts, and the most lively models of christian examples. Little could that excellent writer suppose, when she was drawing the following portrait of death-bed piety, resignation and confidence, that her picture would so soon find an original in almost every line and feature:

“Her malady had now assumed a shape “which announced to all, that she had but a “few days to live. She was fully conscious of “this. Yet no expression of impatience be-

“trayed her. For more than four months, I
“scarcely quitted her bedside by day, never
“by night. During the latter days of this pro-
“tracted suffering, though her pains were con-
“stant and beyond description dreadful, nei-
“ther cry nor groan escaped her. Often have I
“wiped the big drops of agony from her fore-
“head; but she never complained. She was
“more than patient; the settled temper of her
“mind was thankfulness.

“The decay of its prison house seemed only
“to give the spirit a foretaste of freedom.
“Timid by nature, beyond even the usual fear-
“fulness of her sex, she yet endured the most
“agonizing pains, not with the iron contumacy
“of a savage, but with the submission of a filial
“love. The approach of death she watched
“more in the spirit of the conqueror than the
“victim. Yet she often expressed her willing-
“ness to linger on, till suffering should have
“extinguished every tendency to self will,

“and helplessness should have destroyed every vestige of pride. Her desire was granted. Her trials brought with them an infallible token that they came from a Father’s hand; for her character, excellent as it had seemed, was exalted by sufferings; and that which in life was lovely, was in death sublime. At last the great work was finished. Her education for eternity was completed; and from the severe lessons of this land of Discipline, she was called to the boundless improvement, the instructive knowledge, the glorious employment of her Father’s house.”

On Saturday evening, the second day of December, she was visibly sinking—late in the evening she appeared to be dying—she prayed devoutly, and she was supported by her God. About midnight she revived, and she poured forth praises to God, that he had vouchsafed his merciful support to her soul

at the awful moment, when she believed she was about to appear at His tribunal. During the Sabbath she was almost constantly in prayer and thanksgiving. On Sunday evening it became almost certain that she could survive but a few hours. She was conscious that the morning sun would rise in vain for her. About nine o'clock, in an agony of pain, she said, "sad hours seem long; but I am ungrateful—these hours are given me for further preparation."

She dozed occasionally; and when awake, prayer and devotion were her constant, but silent employment. About eleven her breast became dreadfully affected. She was asked if the usual application of a blister should be tried for her relief.

"I have been considering that" she replied. "It is too late. I am certain there cannot be time allowed me for the application to produce any relief."

It was indeed too late. Her only relief was now to be found in another world. Her only physician was the great physician of souls.

Thus she continued until about two o'clock, when her breath became short and laborious, and her speech a little indistinct. About half past two, death had seized her. She was now struggling in his arms. She seized the last moment allowed her, and with a look and tone, which evinced hope, confidence and holy triumph, which proved that her earnest prayers for support in her dying hours, were heard and answered; she exclaimed, "God bless you all. Give him thanks that he has enabled me to set you this example."

These were her last words. Not one struggle, scarcely one convulsive spasm was visible. "A smile of triumph lingered on her face.—It was the beam of a sun that had set. The saint had entered into rest."

Such was the end of this young and lovely woman. It was a happy and glorious death. "It was a triumphant appeal to all, whether our blessed faith, brings not comfort unspeakable; but how strong, how suitable, how glorious its consolations are, no one can ever know, until, like her, he is bereft of all others, and like her find them sufficient when all others fail."

It is possible that the following description of the mind and person of the lovely woman, whose Life, Sickness, Sufferings and Death, are too feebly sketched in the preceding pages, will be too highly coloured. It cannot be doubted that affection holds the pen. Yet I shall speak of her as she appeared to my judgment—as she now exists in my heart.—I speak too, what I religiously believe, as in the presence of my Maker.

The face of Mrs. Grosvenor was not beautiful, according to the popular estimate of

beauty. Her features were not perfectly regular, nor did the colours of the lily and the rose, mingle among them in profusion. Yet, her countenance was fine and interesting—her eyes were of a light blue, large and beaming with sensibility and intelligence; the whole of her countenance was so lighted up by her soul—its expression was so tempered with mildness and spirit, meekness and dignity, vivacity and thoughtfulness, that, though her face and features were not regular and beautiful, yet they possessed something more striking, more interesting, more dignified and delightful.

Her person was delicately formed—of more than common height and sufficiently symmetrical. Her air was easy and graceful, though modest and a little reserved. Her movements corresponded to her person—they were light, animated and elegant. But it was not her face and person, prepossessing as they

really were, it was her strong and brilliant mind, her virtuous and affectionate heart, which fascinated the love of all who knew her; perhaps the world contained not one mortal that wished her ill in life—she had not one acquaintance but mourned her sickness and prayed for her happiness in death. This universal esteem of her acquaintance, was not acquired or retained by any artificial method—It was the natural consequence of that benevolence and charity of heart, which wished well to all human kind—and of that sensibility and sympathy of soul which directed her in all her intercourse with the world. Her mind was vigorous and rich—Her powers of reasoning were strong and accurate, and her judgment was cultivated, clear and sound. Indeed, all the faculties of reason and judgment were mature beyond her sex and age. But an imagination excursive, brilliant and lofty, was the predominant characteristick of

her mind—She loved to give it ample scope---to soar on its wings through ideal scenes, through untried being and other worlds. It would have been dangerous, if it had not been directed by a pure taste, cherished by the strong arm of reason, and regulated by virtue, morality and religion. She had wit in no ordinary measure. It never was seen to flash upon the world---But those little friendly circles which she most loved can never forget, that playful fancy, and delicate raillery with which she enlivened conversation and rendered domestick scenes delightful.

She had an absolute passion for poetry—and was familiar with the great masters of song, who knew how to strike those strings of harmony which vibrate strongest on the human heart. A soul, attuned to harmony, tremulous as the shade of the light, quivering, aspen, and deeply sensible to grand or pathetick images, aided by a retentive memory,

had stored her mind, with almost every passage in her favourite poets, distinguished for elevated thought or elegant diction. Her knowledge of history was accurate and sufficiently extensive. She was tolerably versed in the science of Ethics; and she had read attentively the best christian works in our language.

With these mental and moral endowments, she did not strive to shine in the world beyond the sphere of her familiar friends—She had none of that paltry ambition for publick applause or admiration, which sometimes leads female votaries to show off their accomplishments, at the expense of retiring modesty and female decorum—She made no parade of her talents—On the contrary, she shrunk from observation—and except among her immediate friends, was a listener rather than a talker.

She possessed by nature, even more than the usual timidity of her sex; yet in the duties of life and religion, she was resolute even to bravery; she had no affectation of tenderness and delicacy; yet the very fibres of her soul trembled with disgust at any thing really indelicate or indecorous; and though she shrunk not from loathsome scenes to which her duty called her; scenes which would have shivered to atoms, the nerves of many a fashionable fair one—Yet she never stepped beyond those rules even of arbitrary origin, which the general consent of the christian world, has imposed on the conduct of her sex.

Yet the riches of her mind were not folded in a napkin; nor were the virtues of her soul hidden under a bushel.

Her correspondence was extensive; and she wrote in a style of elegance and liveli-

ness formed on an excellent model.* The infantile minds of the little children who were placed near her, received from her

*The following obituary notice of Mrs. Magruder, her relation and friend, is subjoined.—Mrs. Magruder died of a lingering consumption in October, 1814. She was the daughter of Dr. Philip Thomas, of Frederick county, Maryland, and the sister of John Hanson Thomas and Mrs. Alexander, of Baltimore. The two former died in May, 1816.

Departed this life on the 27th of October, in the 37th year of her age, after severe and protracted suffering, Mrs. REBECCA B. MAGRUDER, wife of Alexander C. Magruder, esq.

In vain shall the pen of affection attempt to delineate the character of this excellent woman, or to describe the agony of those afflicted friends left to mourn her loss.

In her death, her sex has lost one of its brightest ornaments. She possessed a mind enlightened and elevated—a heart sincere, generous and expanded.—Few have lived, in whom were so carefully and softly blended, useful and shining talents, with gentleness, meekness, humility, piety and modesty. In the rela-

mouth early lessons of knowledge; early impressions of virtue and piety. Servants in those families where she resided, even the

tive duties of life, as daughter, wife, mother, sister and friend, these qualities shone with peculiar lustre; and in all these characters she has left an example worthy of universal imitation. May that bright example never cease to impress the heart and influence the conduct of her who offers this tribute to a beloved friend.

It was the will of Heaven that an aged father should support in his feeble arms the sinking frames of his beloved and expiring child. May the merciful God who tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb, grant him grace to bow and to kiss the afflictive rod.

An adoring husband has beheld her, on whom rested all his hopes of temporal felicity; her, who like a Guardian Angel, had pointed to virtue and to peace; who had imparted consolation, and love, and joy, snatched from him in the meridian of life. But she is not lost to him forever. Even now, while her frail body sleeps in the grave, soaring on wings of christian faith, he may behold her in a robe of celestial glory, alluring him to join her in a brighter and a better world.

sable children of Africa, received frequent lessons of religion, and portions of the word of God from her lips.

It is an awful thing to die;
 Yet the dread path once trod,
 Heaven opes its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart perceive their God.

But for the four little cherubs she bequeathed to his care and affection, this would seem a dark and cheerless wilderness—But while he

Marks with nature's peerless grace,
 Their blossoms blaw,
 Happy to see them fill the place
 Of her awa—

He will forget the ills of life, and in the performance of his lonely duties, he shall find his reward.

An affectionate sister, too, is bereaved of the sole companion of her youth, the early, constant, enlightened, faithful friend of her bosom. Do thou, O God, support the mourners in this hour of affliction, and convert this severe temporal chastisement to their eternal good."

She had little to bestow in alms; but that little contributed to moisten the parched lips of the indigent sick, to sustain the broken spirits of the virtuous poor. To the extent of her limited means, and throughout the sphere in which she moved, she was constantly scattering benefits and consolations.

O many were the wretches, steeped in poverty and in suffering, who invoked the blessings of Heaven upon her small, but kind and discriminating charities—not for her charities only, but for her frequent visits to their desolate abodes, for the timely assistance which her own hand had rendered, and the religious consolation which her soothing admonitions have administered—How many pillows of sickness and agony has her own hand smoothed? Over how many beds of death has she watched, relieving sorrow by her sympathy, attuning to heaven by her persuasions, assuaging even the

agonies of death by her kindness and consolation?

Perfection is not given to mortals—yet some are blest with purer, kinder, more virtuous souls. And if ever there was a mere woman, whose life and death were models worthy of universal imitation, this was that excellent woman.

I appeal to those who knew her intimately, who could understand her affections, whose minds were sufficiently *elevated* to hold communion with her soul. She was lofty, yet meek; patient and cheerful; affectionate, brave, faithful and pious; a pillar formed to adorn and support the temple of this life's happiness. Of her piety of life and in death, I have fully written—I have nothing to add. It was a piety built on the deep foundation of faith, hope and charity---it was rational, fervent and habitual---It was such a piety, which rendered her lovely in health, which supported

her fragile frame through five months of agony, rendering her soul always resigned, generally cheerful---which enabled her to smile, even in the face of death, and bore her in triumph from his iron arms, to life and peace eternal. As descriptive of her life, I would add the following beautiful lines:

“Playful and artless, on the summer wave
 “Sporting with buoyant wing, the fairy scene
 “With fairest grace adorning; but in woe,
 “In poverty, in soul subduing griefs,
 “In patient tending on the sick man’s bed,
 “In ministerings of love, in bitterest pangs—
 “Faithful and firm; in scenes where firmer hearts
 “Have cracked, still cheerful, and still kind.”

In relation to her death and present state may I not, without presumption, apply the triumphant language of holy Paul.

“She hath fought the good fight; she hath
 “finished her course, she hath kept the faith;
 “henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of
 “Righteousness, which the Lord, the Righ-

“teous Judge shall give her at that day; and
“not to her only, but to all them that love his
“offering.”

In the firm belief of this, “I sorrow not
“for her who is asleep, as those who have no
“hope; for I believe that Jesus died and rose
“again: and even so, them also, which sleep
“in Jesus, will God bring with him.”

APPENDIX.

THE Editor presumes the reader would be pleased to receive, at least, a brief account of the author of the preceding pages.

The HON. THOMAS P. GROSVENOR, survived his amiable and pious lady, about fifteen months. He was of a strong constitution, and generally enjoyed excellent health until about two months before his death; when he was attacked (as was ascertained after his death) with an enlargement of the heart, of which disease, he died on the twenty-fourth of April, 1817, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was a native of Connecticut, and was educated at Yale College, under the direction of the late Dr. Dwight. During the last five years of his life, he was a distinguished Representative in the Congress of the

United States, from the state of New-York. After his marriage, he commenced the practice of the law in the city of Baltimore, where he already ranked among the most distinguished members of the bar. As a mark of their high respect for his memory, on motion of General Harper, the Court adjourned the first day after his funeral, to hold a meeting, at which the judges, by invitation of the bar, attended, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

“Resolved, that the members of the Baltimore bar, as a mark of respect for the virtues, character and talents of their departed brother, the HON. THOMAS P. GROSVENOR, and their deep regret for his early loss, will wear crape on the left arm for one month.”

For a further account of this estimable man, the following obituary, ascribed to Paul Allen, esq. is republished from the Federal Republican and Baltimore Telegraph:

“It is with no ordinary sensibility that we commit to our obituary, the name of the **HON. THOMAS P. GROSVENOR.** He died at “the seat of the Hon. Judge Hanson, in the “thirty-eighth year of his age. During the “last session of Congress, he was seized with “an affection in his chest, which was thought “by the physicians to be desperate and malignant. Nevertheless, hopes were entertained “from the excellence of his constitution, that “his life might be still spared to his country “and to his friends. These hopes gained additional confirmation from the protracted “character of his malady, until a very short “period before his decease. In the midst of “all these fallacious hopes, the disorder suddenly took a more violent turn, and in a very “short period put an end to his existence.

“Very imperfectly indeed, would those estimate the qualities of the deceased, who “form their judgment from his public services

“alone. The features of his moral character
“were not distinctly defined when seen by
“the blaze of publick admiration. He was only
“recognized there, as the intrepid defender
“of the people’s rights, which he maintained
“with an ability, firmness and constancy, pro-
“portionate to their own importance, and the
“danger to be apprehended from their viola-
“tion. Yet here, amidst all these party storms
“of debate, one feature of his character was
“plainly discernable; politics with him pos-
“sessed nothing of its usual grovelling selfish-
“ness—his hostility was on a large, manly,
“noble, comprehensive scale—his genius was
“seen and felt as a publick man, guided by
“publick motives, and governed by a sense
“of publick duty, and not as a ruthless, per-
“secuting, personal opponent—at the conclu-
“sion of the debate, when with an honest fide-
“lity as a publick servant, he had discharged
“his duty, he could take the most violent of

“his political opponents by the hand, and indulge in all the flow of cordial affection. We hope that this example, set by one of the leaders of the federal party, will be remembered and imitated by both parties.

“But we repeat the remark, that this trait, beautiful and luminous as it is, was not the distinctive trait of the character. It was this: In the hour when the strong and impious claims of publick service were satisfied, when he was no longer a publick man, when he was left to the guidance of his own heart, all these high qualities retired from the gaze. Mild, accessible, communicative and urbane, he was then only distinguished by superior courtesy, frankness and intellect. We were suddenly surprised by strong and masculine combinations of thought, splendid and original views of publick men and of publick measures, and those all presented with such ease and familiarity, with such simplicity of

“character, so void of all ostentation or pa-
“rade, that we were delighted, entertained
“and instructed, without being ourselves sen-
“sible of the obligation. He threw off the
“splendour of his publick reputation, and ap-
“proached in the guise and character of a
“friend on equal terms. On this point we can
“speak with feeling and with emphasis, and
“hazard nothing in the assertion, that a stran-
“ger who had read the publick papers, and had
“accidentally conversed with the deceased,
“delighted, astonished and instructed as he
“would be, never would for a moment believe,
“that his sociable, frank and communicative
“guest, was the orator, who, on the floor of
“Congress, had so often electerized the House
“of Representatives. In short, this peculiar
“change of character, from the high and intre-
“pid, to the more amiable, frank and pleasant
“qualities, formed the peculiar characteristick
“of the deceased. His private conversation

“was, as Burke says, the green on which the
“eye reposed after it was withdrawn from
“his splendour. We observed the muscular
“limbs and proportions of the giant, while
“he appeared himself to slumber, unconscious
“of his strength. It is an undoubted fact,
“that neither the political friends, or the po-
“litical enemies of Grosvenor, are sensible of
“the full weight of his character; but death is
“a melancholy teacher.

“When these great and distinctive points
“of character are stated, all the common rela-
“tionships of life may be inferred. If the
“darkness of political controversy was only a
“cloud transiently passing over a sunbeam—
“if every thing beyond was green, beautiful
“and luminous, it is surely unnecessary to say
“that in the calms of ordinary life, his orb
“was lovely and serene: it is unnecessary to
“say that his heart was the repository of all
“the benevolent and generous affections.—

“Nor should it be forgotten, that in his last
“sickness, he added to these brilliant lights of
“character, his testimony to the truths of the
“gospel. He gave his testimony to these awful
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